

All God's Children

The sanctioned continuity
of man's ingenuity to man:

Bouncing Betty. She *vuss* there
in the Gulf War, our latest pride
of lines just

as when She made it quite
safe for democracy in '18.

Well, anyway, the short of it's up
She *frisks* when triggered

'n blows your balls off.
(*Be Less Than You Can Be.*)

Oh 'scuse sexist me and mine
since we've taken women in:

*Hey Gals! Pay's not awful, right?--what with
Bouncing Betty for your fringe.*

Dear John Q.

Bad songs make you cry, whip-
ping up that cesspool
of the expected.

Hitler loved dogs and children,
you little fascist prick.

The Requirement

Friendship is fine
but for love

you must be willing
to lie

in my arms.

Her face

is a pain
in the ass.

Ask another
martyr when
past it.

temporal

your little faces
saying
little faces wastes.

Summing Up

And police still have no clues
in that mass rape in New Jersey,
or the probably unconnected ritual be-

heading of a man on the hood of
his Cadillac El Dorado on that
very same street of horror, plus
the Government denies reports it

tested rat poison on ghetto children.
And SO from all the NEWS! NOW!
Crew, hava *NICE!* Weekend.

Everything must be invented:

one can't pick one's nose
without being predated
by genius.

After Magritte's *This Is Not a Pipe*

This is not a poem. Its
shit's displayed, and bodily
fluids splatter,

menacing you with
AIDS--which IS!

one Big-FUCK-
in-IDEA, so what
MORE you want,

hey, Secret-Slut?

Numbers

1)hell,here they are
like to have their TITS
bounce for you.

2)*X that rammy shit!* key
LIBBERS,so what

3)'s left? the
BRAIN? STICK IT

4)up against (1)

5) and thus with old
Sam Johnson I refute Berkley.

In your face

Dopplerian urban-pingpong,
infernally sustained: phoning
someone in this neighborhood,

getting sirens through her receiver,
my window also.

Nevermore

Half-Baked
's Best,Hairy Bombast

Bucko
's Relevance Blab as
Bad as

Culture dribbling NOW
's UNIVERSAL INSIGHT-
BITE,GOD-

Awful bright and
So arriving
's no use.

Fall Embrace

Shadows harrowing the stones,
we dream ourselves in breath,

as clouds rush sodden
leaves above us.

Outside In

Answering menace we invent.
Love for one, courage for another.
Lust for both. What's

between us we
are joined against.

Are they still around, such raging foes?
The question loses breath

in our so-revolving sweetness,
in our acid, dripping pain.

No Little Matters

The cashier protested
"I'm righthanded
and this setup's

for a lefty: *When I turn
things are not there."*

Plastic Surgeons Buy BMWs

and you the other
spender in the glass

watching your cosmetic-
ally enhanced
or diminished

mouth
lipping

"a thing of beauty
is a jerk forever."

Answer Before Asked

Searching Plato I conclude
it's WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW(?)

Well I'm writing this 'n
thinking about what I just thought

while writing THIS right here! 'n...

Plato,he could say it
looks like a double-play,
though never unassisted,
but it aint:

THIS! is.

Predictions More or Less Profound

Monday I'll move heaven
and earth and laundry.
Male, me, I've purchased ever

more socks and underwear.
HISTORY

will despise women
discarding *moi*
onto a filthy pile!

Some Prints of the Natural Numbers

In wind
the fir
seethes,

widening
to a fan
of selves,

focussing, keen
to explode.

At the University

Strutting memorial stones
a pigeon fantails between
boy scholars untrue

to anything
might take looking into,

girls aswing with a something
nothing can propound,bi-
cyclists boring under

the latest shit
on man falling
out the window.

USA,0

exalted country where
whores take credit

cards. All
sorts.

The process is always

I express
hope then

it urges mate. Prayer
by grinding prayer,I,refined,
discover something smaller,

meaner,
closer

to me,
My God!

Whatthefuckyuhthink
'bout THIS outcome?

Unexpected hey,
Asshole?

A Psychological Poem in 2 Parts

1--Healthy:

Trifles!

2--Sick:

Trifles!

notes from the compulsory concert

great gobs of *FahLahLah*
these suburbs n' their fits
tickettaker's just enormous tits

Fancy

They spoke of it as *shape*.
We who had the DUTY explained again,
but enough was...the final way to kill
such fancy is to kill. Strange

we didn't ourselves fancy it
at first but then we did, and didn't

get our fill, nor talk our fill
of it: those endless, subtle theories o
didn't our poor heads ached so

far past sweet dawn! Weren't WE the ones?
And now we walk round hunched in tight.
They say the nerves are wildest wires those
unending seconds before New Ones arrive.

The Saving Grace

Hey I love the entrepreneurs in
my field, stakes infinitesimal
and yet they invest

tongue into rectum,
keeping contact
no matter how many
fashionable corners turn.

Why a person has to stay light
on that there person's feet.

And that's ballet, aint it, Sweets?
Had an aunt said if you can't
say something nice...

etc. So I will! The heros thus presented
and heroines presenting, remain
too busy to whine
at the moment.

At the Opening of the First Epileptic Bank

We're not crazy.
We're not funny.
Taking fits 'n
Saving money.

Teaching An Old Saw New Tooth

The dental assistant's ass
speaks volume.

Dish Night

I learned romance
from movies, shatter-
ing lies.

Goddammit,

I worked to get it
just right. Why not you?

Don't talk to me about lack of time,
TV has peeled your brain
in the TIME it painted your face.

Ending Alone

The more fair the less
close. Unto the exquisite

stretch where wind turns
lover.

Recovery

Something deeply lost: you have
dived hence
 to feel a shape of it, a
fine sense

 at any cost embrace yourself
within its
whiteness.

Definition #1

Mad at Milton for allusion though
examples gross as earth exhort

me to exceed my grasp, cross that bar while,
to mine own heart true, I'm nonetheless
scarce adjusted in this room amid
such low comedy and high

sentence. Oh yes! but
that's defining farce, no?

Believing Place

On the road when light-
ning doesn't strike. In my
moment, cruel and kind at once,
I thirst

for something...it's

not raining yet
the weather ambiguous-
ly menaces. Upheavals
ahead;a crevice jaws
to leap across or shun.
There can be gunners too,
fire sucking
fire from out of life.
I might even wish to end
here,knowing that vicious,
daily twist that there's no road to
Damascus.

Final Figure

Hands round,
gears under.

Pulses exit
quartz at
present,es-

tablishing face.
You,recidivous
mirror in a further

smoke of mirrors.
The moony wheel?
The joking,actual

math? None of
these: a world
class screw you

trudge the ice-
bright terrace down.

Saying Fate

The years have been a fiction

and each hour and minute past.

Live for today?

Already it's
too late, this breath in

thought. Frames always

impend.

So what? Only the awful instant

is flame.

temporal

your little faces
saying
little faces wastes.

Friendship is fine

but for love
you must be willing

to lie
in my arms.

Diet

I miss my-
self loving

food. What to do
with time?

J'accuse

French films. We're perverse
enough without explicit
underhand instruction.

After She Drove Herself to Her Work

Is it cold to have no time
for love? Those Furies

sucking my breath
promise death

if they stop. Though told to get
a life I have more

than one this moment I live
on an exploding star.